

## That is Love

FELIX MCGLENNON

March Tempo

*mf*

1. Love, sweet love, is the po-et's theme, Love, sweet love, is the po-et's  
 2. Love, sweet love, how the world's mis-placed, Love, sweet love, how the theme's dis-

dream, What is the love of which they sing? On-ly a phantom, un-real  
 graded, What is a fond lover's ar-dent glance? What is a maiden's shy ad-

thing!  
 vance? 'Tis but the dall-iance, the dalliance of youth and maid,  
 What is the pres-sure, the pressure of am'-rous lips!

'Tis but the pas-sion, the passion and vows that fade: 'Tis not the Heav'n, the  
 What is the pres-sure, the pressure of fin-ger tips? On-ly the pleas-ure

Heav'n im-plant-ing glow That true hearts call love, ah no, ah no!  
 of a pass-ing day, 'Tis not the love that will live for aye.

*cresc.*

*dim.*

*dim.*

CHORUS  
*Not too fast*

See a moth-er gaz-ing on her ba - by boy,  
See a fath-er stand-ing at his cot-tage door,  
With ec-stat-ic eyes and heart that  
Watch-ing ba-by in the gut-ter

fills with joy;  
rol-ling o'er,  
He to her is pur-est gold with-  
Laugh-ing at his mer-ry pranks, but out al-loy,  
hark a roar,

*cresc.* For him how she prays to Heav'n a-bove.  
Help, oh, help him, gracious Heav'n a-bove.  
*dim. mf* How she guides his foot-steps thro' this  
Dash-ing down the road there comes a

vale of strife,  
mad-dened horse,  
Watch-es o'er his bed-side when in-fect-ion's rife,  
Out the fa-ther rush-es with re-sist-less force,

*rit.* Risk-ing for her ba-by boy her health, her life, That is love, That is love.  
Saves the child, but he lies there a man-gled corpse, That is love, That is love.